

## **Fishing Trip (part 2 of 'Lover I Don't Have to Love') by obeydontstray**

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**Summary:** Jim's falling apart, and Benny gives him comfort any way he can.

## **Fishing Trip (part 2 of 'Lover I Don't Have to Love')**

Jim hung his head out of the car window, sick with all the commotion of the day. He'd just got off a three day bender of any sort of pills and cheap booze he could get his hands on. One look at him and Benny shut the diner down for three days, insistent that they head to his father's cabin by the lake for a little detox and maybe some fishing. Jim didn't see how fishing would solve his failed marriage and his little girl being in the ground, but it felt good for someone to fuss over him. And that Benny did.

"You okay over there?" Benny asked over the Waylon Jennings playing over the radio. Jim shrugged his response, filling his lungs with the smell of the forest around them.

The cabin was small and dark as they approached but Jim remembered many summers there vividly. In the main room sat two camouflage double beds, one on either side of the room flanking the fireplace in the middle. In the middle of the room, a legit brown bearskin rug. On the other end of the room was a small kitchen and a table set for four. Off to the back of the house was a spacious bathroom and a small mudroom by the backdoor.

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Jim sank into the bed, face first, as Benny unloaded the groceries they brought along. He didn't mind Jim not helping, he knew what his friend must be going through.

Jim sighed contently, stretching his arms out wide at his sides. He wished momentarily that he'd lit the fireplace before he'd stretched out, but the familiar comfort of the old bed was too much for him to move now. Benny seemingly read his mind and turned his attention to the fireplace.

When he turned to speak to Jim, his old friend was already out cold.

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In the morning Jim woke up groggily, squinting from beneath his

arm over his face. In his sleep he'd managed to roll over onto his back. Benny hummed from the kitchen as he cooked, unaware that Jim was awake until the smaller man shuffled by him and into the bathroom.

"Ready to go fishing?" Benny asked as the other man emerged from the bathroom, tossing his henley on the floor beside the bed before unceremoniously flopping face down in the sheets again. "I'll take that as a no." The bigger man chuckled, flipping the pancake he was working on. "Why don't you come eat?"

Jim lay unmoving as Benny sat at the round table alone, eating his half of the pancakes. "C'mon Hop, come eat." Jim grunted and moved his arms beneath his chin, watching the fire dance. "You gotta get out of that head of yours somehow. You'll feel better once we're out on the water."

After breakfast Benny sat on his bed, facing his friend. "Do you wanna go out or not?" At Jim's frown he knew his answer. He flinched when Benny transferred to his bed. "Just relax, you're strung tighter than piano wire these days." He chided. "Do you trust me?" Hopper glared at him over his bare shoulder. "...I guess?"

"I took some sports med classes in school and I give a hell of a massage. Let me help you unwind some." His fingers ghosted over the smaller man's shoulders. "I guess." Jim consented, folding his hands beneath his face and training his focus on the fire.

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Benny was right, he does give one hell of a massage.

"Just stop thinking so much, Hop. You're gonna think yourself to death." Benny chided lightly above him as he dug the heels of his palms into Jim's broad shoulders. "If you don't allow yourself to just feel all of this, you'll never make it through it."

Benny left the bedside for a moment and Jim nearly whined, missing the contact. When he returned Jim hissed at the coldness on his back. "Sorry, I shoulda warned ya." Benny apologized as he spread the lotion across Jim's lower back, warming the vanilla scent with his

hands.

"Oh god, don't stop." Jim breathed.

Benny's hands worked each muscle he could, stretching and rubbing. Jim focused on anything possible. Anything but his growing hardness beneath him while Benny's insistent hands dipped beneath the waistband of his pants slightly. Baseball games he watched on tv, high school football games, his divorce. Anything other than that one time in the diner with Benny. Anything but what his best friend's hands was doing to him.

"You're thinking too hard Hopper, I see that crease in your brow." Benny's hands dipped around Jim's sides and drew a low groan from the smaller man. Benny chuckled. "There ya go. Just feel it. Roll over, I'll do your chest."

"Let's not make it gay, Hammond." Jim growled, reverting back into his teenaged self momentarily.

Benny stood and placed a knee by Jim's side and straddled the smaller man's backside, placing both hands on his back.

"What the hell?"

"The more you act scared of me, the more I'm gonna freak you out." Benny teased and against his will Jim arched his back up into his touch. The pressure on Jim's back was heavy, but damn did it ever feel good.

"You always had such a nice ass, Hopper."

Jim pretended he hadn't heard the compliment and buried his face in his arms, turned on more than he'd like to admit.

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"You know I'd never hurt you, right Jim?" Benny said, dangerously close to his ear. His thumbs pressed into Jim's spine, pushing outwards from the center of his back. "And anything that happens in cabin, stays in this cabin." Jim was already thinking thinking hard about giving in anyway. What did he have to loose in all of this,

anyway? That last fragile sense of masculinity he wore pinned to his chest like his badge?

When Benny moved off of him Jim sat up, amazed at how relaxed he felt.

The bigger man sat next to Jim took both hands into his, digging his thumbs into the flesh of Jim's palm. Before Jim could process it he leaned forward and his mouth sought Benny's. The bigger man reacted surprised at first but moved his hand to cup Jim's face. "Just relax." He mumbled against Jim's mouth. Jim opened his mouth and Benny took control, exploring the other man's mouth.

He pushed Jim back against the bed and his mouth skimmed Jim's chest, planting kisses along his collarbones. "So what about it Hammond? Do you find me attractive?" He sneered, bringing up the conversation they had in the diner all those years ago.

"It hurt my feelings a bit, Hopper. You sleeping with everyone in town but me. Gotta say, I have thought about this quite a bit over the years."

Hop couldn't say he felt the same, but Benny's hand worked him through his jeans as he kissed further down his chest. The smaller man actually laughed when Benny's kisses trailed his belly.

He sighed and threw his head back in the pillows as Benny began working on his jeans, jerking them and his boxers down. His touch was warm on Jim's thighs.

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"You're thinking too much." Benny scolded, reaching up to take Jim's exposed erection. When he took over with his mouth, Jim covered his face with the crook of his arm, still too embarrassed to enjoy himself fully.

Jim arched up into Benny, his hips moving without his consent. "Oh, god." His fingers gripped the sheets around him as the larger man took him all in.

When his body began trembling under him, Benny moved away and

began removing his own clothing. "Don't wanna have a repeat of last time when you got too excited." He teased Jim, reaching down to stroke his own erection.

He took a seat next to Jim and feathered kisses from his shoulder up his neck to his jaw. "Don't worry, I'll bottom, so you won't be 'the bitch'," he laughed, making air quotations and quoting the last time they attempted this. He passed the lotion bottle to Jim. "Best I've got in this situation. Just go slow at first, okay? I'm kinda out of practice." He laughed, making Jim wonder just how many times he'd been up to this sort of thing. "Just like anal with a girl. Be gentle."

Benny knelt on the bed, stroking himself. Jim slicked his fingers with the lotion and drew in a deep breath before inserting a finger. Benny sighed and leaned back against his hand. "God, Benny." Jim hissed, adding in another finger. "You're so tight."

"C'mon Jim, don't make me beg." Benny encouraged. Rolling his hips back against Jim's hand. Jim pulled away and slicked himself with the lotion before lining himself up at Benny's entrance. He had to push in slowly to keep himself from coming undone completely.

"Fuck." He moaned, moving slowly to fill Benny completely. He moved his hands along Benny's sides, grabbing a handful of the bigger man's ass. "Pick it up, Hopper." Benny urged.

Hopper closed his eyes as he moved faster, already moaning with the contact. Benny reached around and took Hopper's hand, moving it to grasp Benny's manhood. Jim's getting off on the sounds Benny's making and he leans against the bigger man's back, stilling himself and taking a few breaths before he comes unwound completely. He kept his hand moving on Benny, the side of his face pressed against the other man's back.

"Don't you quit on me now, Jim." Benny moaned, rolling his hips back against Hop.

"Jesus, Benny."

A few more movements is all Jim can stand before he's spilling himself inside Benny. A few more movements of his hand and Benny's

following suit, spilling across the bed.

"Shit, Hop. That was well worth the wait."

Jim collapsed in bed beside the bigger man. "You were right. Feels good to let go." He laughed, reaching to splay with the short hairs and Benny's neck.

"We still have time to go fishing, ya know." Hopper commented and Benny laughed.

"Nah, now's a time for a beer, Jim."